

# Missiskoui Standard.



Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

VOL. 4.

FREELIGHSBURG, L. C., TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1838.

NO. 8.

THE  
MISSISKOUI STANDARD  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
BY  
J. D. GILMAN,

To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

## POETRY.

### Why Weep for the Young.

BY A. B. MEEK.

Why weep for the young and lovely, who die  
In the morning of life, ere the light from the eye—  
The pure light of childhood—has flown, or a ray  
Of innocence beaming, has vanished away?  
Ere the young joyous heart of unkindness hath  
heard.  
Or hope falls exhausted, like a wing-broken bird;  
Ere sin and temptation—the sires of life—  
Have blasted their beauty, or sorrow and strife  
O'er the dreamings of fancy their shadows have  
flung.  
Like pinions of evil! Why weep for the young?

Why weep for the young? whose spirits, too pure  
The darkness of guilt and of grief to endure,  
From the blightings of earth, its charges & crimes,  
Have fled far away, to the heavenly climes,  
Where youth and affection, and all that is bright,  
Drink from fountains of bliss, and the 'pureness  
of light.'

Sheds its beams of effulgence & beauty abroad,  
O'er the brows of the lovely, like the smilenings of  
God!  
Where hosannas and praises eternal are sung  
From the flame-lips of cherubs! Why weep for  
the young?

Why weep for the young? who, like clouds of  
the morn,  
By the breathings of zephyr to heaven're borne,  
And who fade in the splendor and first gush of  
day,  
From the darkness and travail of after decay,  
Nor gather and wait till the coming of even,  
Mid tempest, and thunder, & gloom to be riven,  
But bright, pure and lovely, on pinions of gold,  
To the fountain of lustre, in beauty are rolled,  
Undimmed and unruffled by sorrow or wrong—  
The dowers of earth! Why weep for the young?

Why weep for the young—the flowers of Spring?  
Whose beauty and fragrance from us has ta'en  
wing,  
Too bright and too hallowed to man to be given—  
Robing earth with the calmness and glory of  
Heaven!

The stars of existence! whose beams on us here,  
The fair climes of Virtue, now still more endear;  
Oh! surely 'tis sweet for affection to know  
That the loved & the bright are free from earth's  
woe,  
And with seraphs and saints they now swell the  
loud song!  
Then, inconsolable mourner! Why weep for the  
young?

## THE SAXON SERF.

A Legend of the twelfth Century.

Could a present inhabitant of London, the great and opulent city, be transported back to the days of the first Henry, and behold the low and scattered houses, built of unhewn stone, and roofed with straw, the irregular streets, almost impassable from pitfalls, the churches not rearing their sharp-pointed and delicately wrought arches, or supporting the airy spire, or richly pinnacled tower, but constructed of rude materials, with the low unornamented arch, the wooden steeple, and but scantily furnished with glass windows; could he observe the rude but massive wall skirting the river, which, unfettered by embankments, unimpeded in its course save by the one fragile wooden bridge, bore on its ample current the osier bound shallot, the unwieldy carrack, or the highdecked galley of the Norman adventurer; or, when turning to the north, his eye rested on the dark shadows of the forest of Essex and Enfield Chase, extending even to the eastern wall of the city, where the red deer bounded in tameless freedom, and the boar and wild ox sought refuge from the spear of the hunter, and beheld the sterility around, unbroken, save by the small portions of cultivated land that surrounded the little villages of Hockstone and Iseldown, or the lately founded pious establishments of St. Mary Spital, and the nuns of Clerkenwell; could the present inhabitants of Llondin (The city of ships—original name of London) recognize in this rude scene, the 'Lady of the kingdom's...the modern Tyre'? Yet, pre-eminent among the cities of Europe, as she now stands, more marked was her pre-eminence at this early period; for, within the hallowed circle of her rude walls, liberty sought her first asylum from the stern genius of Norman policy. The burgher of London, even in these ancient times, boasted that 'lyke and after the manner of olde Troye,' the bondsman, who remained a year & a day within her privileged walls, cast off for ever the yoke of servitude; and with proud exultation he pointed to the precious slip of parchment, conceded by the pitiless conqueror, which declared him 'laworthy,' and which accorded him the important rights of bequeathing his own property, and of being judged at his own tribunals. Humble, rude, unadorned as yet with gorgeous structures and towering palaces, London lifted her head,—whose

high immunities the mightiest baron or the lowest knight dared not to violate.

And along the miry streets, with billmen, and bowmen, and knights in chain armour, adorned with golden collars, bearing iron maces, and huge battleaxes, in rude but imposing pomp, rode Queen Maude, in her long vest of white linen, confined by a broad golden girdle, her mantle of purple cloth, garnished with a rude embroidery of vine leaves and eagles, with large open hanging sleeves, almost sweeping the ground, in her wimple of crimson silk, edged with gold wire, which, enveloping her head and shoulders, was drawn in thick folds across the bosom, and passed over the chin, even to the under lip, (a Norman token of loyalty,) her forehead encircled with a band of gold, while a quaintly engraved reliquary of the same metal, inclosing a piece of the true cross, (*fabula narratur*) was suspended from her bosom. Thus attired, surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels of noble birth, in similar, but less costly attire, with her knights and billmen, rode Queen Maude, on her milkwhite palfrey, to visit the shrine of St. Ethelburga. As in the ancient abbey of Barking. As the gay possession slowly advanced through the miry streets, the monks of St. Bartholemew, with their prior Rahere, came forth with the consecrated banner, the smoking censars, and the hymn of gratulation, to welcome their magnificent patroness; while the bells of St. Giles, of the house of Cripples, rang out a merry peal, in honor of their charitable foundress; and the burgess left his merchandise, the housewife her distaff, the serf set down his heavy burden, and the child quitted his play, to greet with rude, but heartfelt acclamation, the daughter of Malcom and niece of Edgar Atheling,—the Queen of Saxon blood, the devout and benevolent wife of the first Henry.

The Queen and her picturesque train of attendants rode along past the wall of the highly privileged house of secular Canons, dedicated to St. Martin, by the brothers Ingelric and Edward, & beside the church of St. Alban, and the half ruined palace of King Athelstan, into the narrow way, called, from its vicinity to the palace, King Adel street, at the end of which, the low straw-roofed, unadorned Earlderman Berry's house, lifted its rude structure. 'My good seneschal,' said the Queen, attracted by a tumult, in which the retainers of the powerful Hugh de Grantmesnil, Baron of Hinckley, were conspicuous: 'ride forward, I pray ye, and inquire the cause.' 'It is nought but a strife between the vassals of Grantmesnil, and some Saxon bondsmen, who, doubtless, have fled away from their lord,' replied the seneschal, with a look of contempt. 'Nay, inquire the cause, I pray ye,' said the Queen, with a sigh for the hard fate of her enslaved countrymen—' inquire the cause, for Grantmesnil is fierce & revengeful.'

Ere the seneschal, who with no accelerated speed rode forward, had reached the crowd, a fair youth, whose bright complexion and clustering locks, no less than the loose vest reaching to the knee, and cloak clasped on the shoulders, indicated him of Saxon race, regardless alike of the menaces of the billmen, and the uplifted maces of her attendant knights, forced his way to the Queen, seizing the quaintly broidered rein of her palfrey, vehemently imploring her protection, and resisting with the strength of despair, the forcible attempts of her attendants to disengage him. 'My fair youth,' said the Queen, waving her hand for her attendants to quit their hold, & casting a look of sympathy on her young countryman, as her ear drank in those Saxon accents, so hallowed by all the recollections of her early childhood. 'What can I do for ye?' 'We are three brothers, princess! who are bondsmen to the Baron Grantmesnil, but we escaped from him and came hither; may we not be free?' 'St. Michael!' exclaimed one of the baron's retainers, who had rushed forward to seize him, 'shall a bondsman, in spite of his lord, be free?' 'Yes! and in despite of all men, if he sojourns a year and a day in this good city,' replied Alfune, prior of the house of Cripples; 'such is the law granted by holy King Edward, and confirmed by our late King William, and which none dare gainsay.' 'My fair youth,' resumed the Queen, 'alas! I can do nought in this case, the Portreve must determine it.' The Saxon youth quitted not his hold of the Queen's bridle, but implored her for the sake of his race...for the sake of St. Erkenwald, the patron of London,—and holy St. Edward, just advanced to the honors of canonization—and for the sake of Our Lady, at least, to accompany him to the Portreve, who was now sitting in Hustynge. What patriotic Saxon, what pious Catholic could resist the force of these adjurations? The Queen bade her attendants go forward, and heedless of the angry

and sullen looks of her Norman attendants, rode into the Earlderman Berry, the Saxon youth still clinging to her bridle rein. At the unexpected entrance of Queen Maude, the Portreve, clothed in his scarlet gown, arose from the elevated stone seat, whence he had been dispensing justice according to the laws of the Confessor, and offered his respectful homage. The earlder men, who surrounded him, welcomed with loud acclamation their Saxon Queen, and a gleam of joy lighted up the features of the youth, who stood before the rude tribunal, whence justice was dispensed in almost patriarchal simplicity. 'Ye must bring forward your witnesses,' said the Portreve, resuming his seat; 'they must be good men, and true, and lawworthy. We will call Saewold, son of Leoforth, the goldsmith, and Brightmer, the redhaired, of Edric's hithe, and Elftan and Stigand, of King Adel street, to prove we have dwelt here since Martinmas twelvemonth,' replied the elder brother. The witnesses swiftly came forward, while the malclad Baron Grantmesnil darted a look of contempt at the Portreve, and clenched his hand menacingly at the Saxon youths. The witnesses, laying one hand on a roll of parchment containing almost the only copy of the gospels within the city walls, and lifting up the other hand to heaven, deposed to the two elder brothers having sojourned more than a year and a day with them in the city, concluding with the old Saxon oath....'In the name of Almighty God, as I stand here, true witness, unbidden, and unbought, so I oversaw with mine eyes, & understood with mine fears, what I have now said.' They are freedmen, Baron Grantmesnil, said the Portreve; 'free of the King's own burgh, and ye may not take them hence.'

The enraged baron darted a look of indignation on the Portreve, but such had been the vigorous policy of the three first Norman monarchs of England, in curbing the power of their nobles, that, although surrounded by retainers, prompt to execute his every command, and bold enough to have encountered far greater numbers than were now standing around, the lord of twenty-five fiefs and of the whole forest of Charnwood lifted not his hand against his enfranchised bondsmen. 'The youngest is mine,' said the irritated baron, 'for these Saxon churls only spoke to the two elder. He came with his brothers,' replied Elftan, of King Adel street. 'No,' answered Saewold, 'he came the day after the high wind that blew down part of the Berry Kennying Tower, beside Aldersgate, and unroofed the church of St. Giles of the Cripples' house.' 'That was on the eve of St. Alphege,' said the Portreve. 'I know not saints' days, nor care for any, save of our patron St. Michael, and our Blessed Lady,' returned the Norman baron; 'but I know this Saxon boy was with me, ere I came to do suit and service to the king, last Pentecostide. He shall go with me, and so help me St. Michael! if he hang not on the first tree.' 'Stay, my son!' exclaimed Prior Alfune, of the house of Cripples, interposing between the fierce baron and the Saxon youth, 'remember it is a sore and crying sin to keep Christian men in bondage, much more to put them to death.' 'What trouble is here,' said the queen's seneschal, in a low voice, to a knight who stood beside him, 'and only about a Saxon bondsman! By Our Lady! I had as soon hang a Saxon as shoot a deer, saving the benifit of the venison.' 'He shall go with me, and shall hang on the first tree,' reiterated the enraged baron.—'What shall a Norman lord seek his bondsmen from town to town, and them find that they are free?'

'My good Grantmesnil,' said the Queen who had hitherto watched the proceedings in silence, laying her delicate white hand on his mail-covered arm, while the Saxon youth, though seized by the iron grasp of his lord, still clung to her bridle rein—'grant me this youth. Nay, I pray you, good Baron Grantmesnil, surely a knight can never refuse the prayer of a lady?' The baron stood a moment irresolutely, for the two strongest feelings in the high and energetic character of the Norman were striving for the mastery, the desire of vengeance, and respect to woman: the chivalric feeling prevailed, and, relinquishing the boy, he exclaimed, 'Had King Henry himself asked this boon, I had not yielded, but what Norman can deny the prayer of a lady? come, my brave yeomen, let us depart. By St. Michael,' continued the haughty and savage chieftain, giving utterance to his suppressed rage, and violently striking the ground with his mace, as he passed without the city boundary, 'I would I had joined Robert de Belesme and Mortaigne, the mortal foes of England's sovereign! for, if Saxon churls may gain their freedom, the knight and the baron need learn to plough and sow

themselves. Sathan, confound these privileged burghs! it was not by shutting up bondsmen in walled towns, that Rollo conquered Normandy, or William gained the crown of England!'

The Queen alighted from her palfrey, & taking the Saxon youth by the right hand, led him before the Portreve,... Bear witness, all ye now present, that this youth is free, within the walls or without, in the gate, or in the way, and let him bear the arms of a freeman.' The lance and the sword, the weapons appropriated to freemen, were, after the old law, put into his hands, and a joyful shout arose from the assembled multitude. 'And now, young freedman,' continued the pious descendant of Atheling, 'what will ye do?' 'I will go to the Holy Land, and fight against Mahound and the Paynim,' replied the Saxon boy, still grasping delightedly the lance and the sword: 'what better can I do?' 'My good Portreve,' said the Queen, well pleased at the determination of her young freedman, 'take charge of this youth and see that he has all things necessary provided, that he may go on his high and blessed pilgrimage.'

Methinks I have done almost as well today, as if I had gone to the shrine of St. Ethelburga,' said the royal benefactress, as, quitting the Earlderman Berry, she took the road toward her palace at Westminster. 'I have saved the life of a fair youth, who may, through the grace of the saints, become a worthy soldier of the cross, and do deeds worthy knighthood.' 'A Saxon churl do deeds of arms!' exclaimed her seneschal indignantly, forgetful of the Queen's parentage; 'I would forfeit my fair gold collar, and the six yard land in the manor of Braching, in Hertfordshire, which I gained from Bertrand de Plessie, if he should do aught worthy of knighthood.' 'Time alone will show,' replied the justly offended Queen, & I pray Our Lady ye may some day lose your wager.'

Years passed on, but the royal Matilda heard no tidings of her young freedman, & she sat among her maidens in her palace of Westminster, watching their swiftly moving delicate fingers, plying the needle to decorate with a gorgeous pattern of golden stars and eagles, a silk mantle for King Henry, to be worn at his approaching 'cour pleniare,' at Pentecostide. The apartment, in which Queen Maude and her attendants sat, beguiling the hours with conversation on that subject which most engaged all hearts and tongues, the recovery of the Holy Land, was lofty and spacious, the upper arches of the large plain windows were glazed, rushes strewed the floor, hangings representing a boarhant in rude embroidery, covered the walls; while, along the upper end of the room, behind the high-backed, ponderous, carved and gilt armchair, a silken curtain, beautiful with a strange representation of what the fair embroiderer intended should be angels, but which, from their distorted limbs, and rueful contortions of feature, bore a far greater resemblance to the emissaries of Sathan, was spread out in all its beauty. A small carpet of silk and wool stretched in front of the royal chair, on which was placed a footstool, supported by silver gilt lions; beside, a table, ornamented with plates of gold, displayed a fair assortment of gold and silver vessels; while, at the eastern end two large silver candlesticks held perfumed wax tapers, burning constantly before the silver gilt crucifix.

'What news have ye, Gundreda?' said the Queen, as she watched the delicate fingers of the damsel, untwisting the silken threads for her embroidery: 'have any more pilgrims returned from the Holy Land?' 'There is talk that fair and noble lady—a Soldan's daughter...hath come,' replied the damsel. 'She is not a worshipper of Mahound, I hope,' said the devout but superstitious Queen. 'No, Madame,' replied Gundreda, 'she hath been converted by her husband, a Christian knight; and Father Ralph, of the house of the Holy Trinity, beside Aldgate, is to bring her hither, shouldst thou wish to see her?' O! greatly, returned the Queen.

At this moment the tramp of horses and confusion of voices was heard in the churchyard. 'Perchance the Soldan's daughter hath come,' said the Queen, 'go forth, Gundreda, with my maidens—bid her welcome! see that all honor be done her, and bring her to me. O! that strange and wondrous land of the East!' continued the Queen, 'what wonderful things do our pilgrims behold there, and what mighty deeds do they perform through the special grace of heaven!'

Gundreda soon returned leading a lady of commanding figure but closely veiled. 'Welcome, fair lady!' said Queen Maude, joyfully rising from her chair and extending her hand...welcome to this Christian land!' The stranger lady gracefully bent her knee and lifting the rudely broidered

hem of the Queen's kirtle pressed it to her lip, while the damsels with looks of astonishment scarcely unmixed with fear, gazed at the gorgeous jewels which decorated her neck and arms and the exquisite embroidery which adorned her robes; where flowers of every form and colour mingled their varied hues in natural gracefulness and seemed to the wondering eyes of the fair Anglo-Norman embroiderers to be the result of skill little short of magic.

'Nay, rise I pray you,' continued the Queen, 'and lay aside your veil, and tell me about the marvels of your wondrous land, and that fair city of Jerusalem, which I would willingly lay down my crown to behold.' The lady arose and threw back her veil; and, while the fair-haired and blue-eyed damsels of the north gazed wonderingly at the thick tresses of bright jet that fell on her shoulders, and half shrunk from the flashing of her large dark eye, she opened a small casket and laid on the Queen's lap, gems of such uncommon size and surpassing brilliancy, as had never before sparkled in these far northern regions. 'Ye must be of faerie,' exclaimed the Queen, 'for I never saw jewels so beautiful as these. Reject not this trifling gift!' said the lady in broken accents, observing the strange feeling which her presence seemed to excite, and which she probably considered was in consequence of her belonging to the hated race of the Saracens; 'well may I offer these jewels to one who hath bestowed on me more valuable gifts.' 'My fair lady,' replied the Queen, 'I know you not...you can therefore owe me nothing. But where is the Christian knight, your husband?' The lady turned to her attendants, who quitted the apartments. But who can describe the joy of Queen Maude, when in the Christian champion who had so bravely maintained the cause of heaven, she recognized the young Saxon whom she had liberated from bondage. 'Bid my seneschal come hither,' said the delighted Queen; 'my prophecy hath been most wonderfully fulfilled, for the Saxon bondsman hath become indeed a worthy knight....Come hither, my trusty seneschal,' continued Queen Maude, with patriotic exultation, that one at least of her debased and enslaved race had been deemed worthy of the honors of chivalry; 'your land is forfeited, for this youth, whom years since I redeemed from bondage, hath done great deeds of arms against the paynim, and hath converted and married the Soldan's daughter.' 'It is yours,' replied the mortified seneschal; 'but, by St. Michael!' he added, in a low tone, as he hastily quitted her presence, 'whoever thought of a Saxon bondsman winning his spurs, and doing deeds of knighthood!'

'My good Father Ralph,' said the Queen addressing the prior of the Holy Trinity beside Aldgate, 'ye must grant me that parcel of land without Portsoken, and the mill in the shambles, in lieu of six yard land in the manor of Braching, in Hertfordshire, which my seneschal hath forfeited to me. I will build an hospital thereon, and with the value of these jewels, which are too rich and beautiful for me to wear, I will endow it; for, how can I do enough, seeing that heaven hath so highly honored me, in being the means of saving this young knight from death, and of converting the Soldan's daughter. This is the feast of St. Katharine, continued the pious and grateful, though superstitious Queen; 'the hospital shall be dedicated to her; and the poor, who shall enter it, shall especially pray for the success of all Christian knights, who go forth, not only with lance & banner, but in the might of heaven, against the powers of darkness, and the accursed wiles of Mahound. And now, by brave Sir Gilbert, and my fair lady Mathildis, what shall be done for ye?' 'Of wealth we have great store, and of honor we shall have eowm,' replied the young knight, 'if ye will but suffer me, who was the Saxon Serf, to bear the title of Queen Maude's freedman.'

Cure for a terrible disease in the mouth called SCANDAL.—Take of 'Good Nature,' one ounce, of an herb, called by the Indians, 'Mind your Own Business,' one ounce; mix them with a little 'Charity for Failings'; two or three sprigs of 'Keep your Tongue between your Teeth,' simmer them in a vessel made of clay, called 'Circumspetion,' for a short time and it will be fit for use.

Application.—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are with a kind of animal called 'Gossip'; when you feel a turn of it coming on, take a spoonfull of the above and hold it in your mouth, which you may keep close shut until you get home; and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a phial about you and on feeling the slightest symptom, repeat the dose.

Major General Macomb passed through Albany on Friday last on his way to the Northern Frontier. The War department has assigned to him the command of our military forces at the North. His headquarters will be at Sackett's Harbor.

We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle that the War department has ordered two steamboats to be chartered—one on Lake Erie, and the other on Lake Ontario—each to be well manned and armed. The boat on Lake Erie is to be under the command of Lieut. J. T. Ho-

mans. We copy the following paragraph from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday.

*Outrage.*—We are mortified to say that Major Webb, the British Officer commanding opposite Black Rock, while on a visit to our city yesterday afternoon, was insulted and maltreated by a parcel of worthless fellows, who constituted themselves champions of the national honor!

The Court of General Sessions now sitting have called a special grand jury on motion of the district attorney, for the prompt investigation of the outrage.

[Since the above was in type we have received the Buffalo Commercial of Thursday, from which we learn that several persons have been indicted for the outrage on Major Webb, and six arrested namely, John O'Brien, John Peterson, Elijah Kellogg, F. W. Emmons, Eli Troxell and Benjamin Holt.

Kellogg is a police constable! and Emmons one of the town constables. It is said that others of the police were present and looking on, who never interfered!]

From the Watertown Jeffersonian of June 7. Gov. Marcy has been in this county for some days, having reached this village in 50 hours from the time the express left here for Albany. His presence has essentially contributed to allay public excitement, and to strengthen the proper law officers in the discharge of their responsible duties. The excitement along the frontier is still very great.

#### Important from the Frontier.

The Albany Evening Journal states on the authority of Mr. J. W. Turner, a Deputy Marshall at Oswego, who arrived at Albany on Monday, Express from Lewiston, that *Patriots of Upper Canada have again made a rally on their own soil*—having formed a camp in 'Long Swamp,' (an extensive marsh lying between Grand Island and Chippewa Creek) where they are now fortifying themselves. The nucleus of this force was formed by refugees who crossed over from the United States in parties of twenty or thirty at a time, so as to evade British vigilance, but volunteers are said to be flocking in to them from all quarters. The number entrenched when they were discovered is supposed to be from 200 to 400. The alarm was instantly given and an express sent off to Toronto for a regular force to extricate them. This news says the Journal is very vague ...we believe it comes by way of Toronto ...but we think it may be relied upon. This evening's Western Mail will either refute or confirm it.

*Another Report.*—Extract from a letter P. C. H. Brother, Esq. to a gentleman in this city, dated Queenston, 14th June, 1838.

To day the report is that the patriots are kicking up another muss with us. It is said that they crossed last night below Lewiston, and are now in the forest between this and St. Catharine's.

#### Correspondence of the Argus.

WATERTOWN, June 13, 1838.

Dear Sir.—We have nothing of importance in relation to the affairs of the frontier, save the fact just communicated to me, that this morning while the steamer Oneida was passing Well's Island, Johnson, with four men appeared in his long boat constructed in such a manner as to equal the speed of the best steamboats. He and his men gave three cheers. It was attempted to be returned on board the steamboat but was suppressed. Johnson then raised from his boat the flag of the Sir Robert Peel, and a second time gave three cheers, which was also attempted to be returned by some on board the steamboat, but was in like manner suppressed.

Johnson then made off in his boat towards the Island. This occurred near the spot where the 'Peel' was burnt. Johnson's retreat being upon Canadian islands, and the speed of his boat surpassing every thing on the lake or river, when seen, all efforts as yet to take him have failed. He states that he will not be taken alive; and that his fastness, if not impregnable, will defy any force that can for some time at least be brought against it.

McLeod and Frey have been heard from on their way to Lewiston and the Upper country.

Our militia, it cannot be expected, would be willing to go upon Canadian ground; and attempt the arrest of these desperate men; but we are hourly in the expectation of the arrival of some regular troops. Colonel Cummings has arrived here, and is awaiting the arrival of the troops; and signifies his readiness to aid the civil officers to arrest these men at all hazards.

It was very gratifying intelligence to learn that Judge Cushman had concluded to hold our circuit, as we have now rising

pecting the arrest of more of the individuals concerned in the burning of the Peel.

We learn from another correspondent, that an effort was made on Friday evening week, to arrest McLeod. He was known to have passed up the lake in disguise, stopping at Sackett's Harbor, Oswego and Rochester. From the latter place he proceeded by stage to Lockport. He was pursued to Lockport by three officers of the Government; but the refugees at Lewiston had contrived to advise him by express of his danger, and he eluded their vigilance. The express was arrested and admitted the fact.

The following is an extract from a letter from Sackett's Harbor, in the Journal of Commerce of June 14th...

*'Outrage.'*—We are mortified to say that Major Webb, the British Officer commanding opposite Black Rock, while on a visit to our city yesterday afternoon, was insulted and maltreated by a parcel of worthless fellows, who constituted themselves champions of the national honor!

The Court of General Sessions now sit-

ting have called a special grand jury on motion of the district attorney, for the prompt investigation of the outrage.

We learn from another correspondent, that an effort was made on Friday evening week, to arrest McLeod. He was known to have passed up the lake in disguise, stopping at Sackett's Harbor, Oswego and Rochester. From the latter place he proceeded by stage to Lockport. He was pursued to Lockport by three officers of the Government; but the refugees at Lewiston had contrived to advise him by express of his danger, and he eluded their vigilance. The express was arrested and admitted the fact.

The ill fated Washington was built at Ashtabula last winter, and had made but one trip previous to her destruction. The fire caught near the boilers and had made such progress when discovered, as to defy all attempts to extinguish it. The helm was instantly put about, and the boat headed for shore, but in a few moments the wheel ropes were burnt off, and she was rendered an unmanageable wreck. Had iron rods been substituted, as melancholy experience has taught on the Mississippi, this appalling loss of life might have been averted!

We hear that the surviving passengers of the Washington unite in stating that no blame was attributed to Capt. Brown the commander.

We hope and expect that the reported loss of life as stated above, may prove exaggerated. We have heard, since commencing this article, the loss variously estimated from twenty to sixty. Many of the survivors were badly burned before they left the boat.

We have no statement as to the probable amount of pecuniary damage sustained by this distressing event. The passengers must have suffered heavily. One merchant from Illinois lost \$6,000 in money.

#### A LITTLE MORE.

With the help of a skiff we got on board the Ottawa at the Cascades. The Ottawa Steamer, though not a large boat, had, in tow seven large, heavy barges. The

forwarding business to the Upper Province goes by this route. How she got along with so many draw backs in her wake, I know not, but, at all events, she went nobly ahead. By the time we got to St. Ann's rapid and passed through the locks, it was dark. Next morning landed us at Carillon, by day light. Here we crossed the river in a horse-scow to Point Fortune, where we had breakfast and took the stage to the Springs—a distance of 26 miles. The roads, except a few trifling spots, are good. After leaving Point Fortune, it does not appear to the traveller that agricultural husbandry, can be very good, owing to the nature of the ground, being as if a dreadful commotion of the elements had rolled down, and piled up mighty masses of huge round pebbles. But, notwithstanding, the presence of so many good stone houses, and capacious barns, shews that the fields which fill them are not far off. In direction at right angles from the river, Mr. Hamilton's place at Hawksbury, surprised

me. It is situated on a small Island on the west side of the river, containing, I should suppose, about five or six acres of ledge. The Ottawa here is very rapid. The stream which forms the Island dashes out from the main body as if going away in wrath, and then turning in, after making a short flourish, to take part in the perpetual strife. On this small spot, surrounded on all sides by dashing, roaring, foaming war of waters, stands a princely habitation of solid masonry, an Inn, and other buildings of the same materials...a grist mill and a cluster of very fine saw mills, painted as if they were palaces and an incredible number of small houses for five or six hundred laborers. On the stream which forms the Island are three Bridges, of great length, built of the very last materials that I could have thought of as capable of resisting the force of the current. They are built of slabs piled up as neatly, and as compactly as a brick wall. It astonished me that they were not washed away in one night, without leaving a trace of them behind. But they have stood for a long time. The idea of crossing the roaring stream on them was a little startling.

L'Original, within the last ten years, has been improved and enlarged. It contains the District Court House and Gaol—two stone Churches, one Catholic, and the other Presbyterian...a grist and saw mill—three or four stone stores and two good Inns. At this place we leave the Ottawa in a westerly direction for the Caladonia Springs, at the distance of eight miles. The whole distance is nearly a perfect level. Through the greater part it is settled on both sides of the road. For a few miles, it looks as if some centuries ago, it had been a lake, or at least a beaver meadow, for the fine trees are silky and small, and far apart. The surface is a black, vegetal mould on a bed of clay. The clearings, unless the season be very wet, yield

good wheat and other grains. Within two miles of the Springs the land is better timbered but still level and all clay. On arriving at the Springs, the weary traveller finds himself at John O. Groat's House;—he can go no farther, because the road and the clearings, both end. Beyond is the impenetrable forest,—the stagnant swamp—the primeval pine, cedar, spruce, and tamarack—the bull-frog and the mosquito. There are three springs—the Gas, Saline and White Sulphur Springs. The last two are so near together that a person standing between the two may dip his hand in each,

and yet they are essentially different in their qualities. From the Gas spring may be gathered, into a receiver, gas enough in five minutes to burn for fifteen. These springs, unquestionably, are a wonderful manifestation of the goodness of divine Providence. For they are really beneficial in many diseases. Though a person dislikes the taste at first, he soon comes to relish them beyond any thing. As a place of gay resort, to the lovers of pleasure, there is not much at present to attract.

A splendid Hotel, though conducted by a family capable of keeping a house in the best style of comfort and fashion, as Mr. Brown and his family certainly are, situated in the heart of the swampy forest, cannot at present, draw crowds of the gay. The soil is such that the least shower of rain makes the clay adhesive to the feet as tar. Beyond the little clearing one cannot go on account of the swamp. As it might be expected, the warm weather brings on mosquitoes, thick as the morning dew, and thirsty for blood as tigers. Mornings and evenings smoke must be raised round the houses; but 'tis not an easy matter to conquer an enemy within his own territory. However, a drink at the springs reconciles the sufferer to his lot.

A beautiful octagon temple, two stories high has been built over the Gas spring. The principal Hotel, built last year, is about 80 by 30, surrounded by a veranda and gallery in front and at the ends.

There is another, 40 by 30. Except the house of Mr. Parker, one of the proprietors, all the other buildings are of inferior description. There are a store...a post office, some mechanics' shops...a saw mill and a few small houses for laborers. These constitute the embryo of a future city, which is already laid out by rule and compass. The streets of the city *in futuro* are Macdonell, after Bishop Macdonell—Graham—Alfred—Pike...Caledonia—Attica—Richmond—St. George—Ottawa...Hamilton and MacGill streets. Richmond street in the middle, with Richmond Square in the centre, containing the Springs, will be the 'Broadway' of the city.

At the head of the Square will be the Court House, the Assembly rooms...at the sides the principal Hotels, and at the lower end, the Church and the Academy. Every thing is yet new, but nevertheless, this will be a place of some importance. Here travellers, from the Upper and Lower Provinces, will meet. Invalids from all quarters will congregate. The waters are medicines of God's providing, on drinking of which, the lame, will throw away his crutch. One man who arrived there, a few days before us, that could not dress himself, had so far recovered as to dress, and walk about in all directions, about as easy as others. While people resort to these Springs, may they remember that there is a fountain opened in the Gospel, from which they may draw the waters of Salvation...wash away all Sin—and heal every wound; to which they may resort without undertaking a journey, and drink without money and without price. J. R.

#### MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREIGHTSBURG, JULY 3, 1838.

The only two means by which nations can permanently retain possession of the countries conquered by their arms are, annihilation of the people, or their assimilation to the conquerors. Beyond these, we can conceive of no other means. The first is of a nature so revolting to humanity, that it seldom has been resorted to; but instances of the second lie thickly scattered in history. Where both have been neglected, the conquerors have ultimately been driven from their conquests. These facts are not to be lost sight of at the present moment. Canada has been in the possession of Britain for seventy-five years, and no step has, to this day, been taken for rendering the French population English. By the unwise division of the country into two Provinces, security was, as it were, given, that the propagation of the hostile breed was not to be hindered, but rather encouraged. The two races were, in a

manner, prevented from intermingling, and it must have been foreseen as a consequence, that they would grow up to be jealous of, and to hate each other. The jealous stage has passed, MATTERS HAVE RIPENED TO A DEADLY AND IRRECONCILABLE HATRED. It is a melancholy truth for the Earl of Durham's consideration, but nevertheless, it is a truth. The enlightened of both races, in fact of all races and nations, can regard one another with enlightened liberality of feeling. But if we descend to the people, those who compose the mass, those of whom the feeling is the feeling of the nation, we find a hatred which we fear will never die. There are, even some who do not wish it to die, because, as they believe, it is the firm foundation on which the Anglo-Saxon race is, at no distant day, to rise the masters of the Province,...let the course of the Government be what it may. This, however, is a digression.

The separation of the Canadas was made in utter blindness of the true interests of England, and seemingly, in the face of the experience of ages. Britain can furnish in her own annals sufficient to prove, that there is no permanent security for empire over conquest, except in community of feeling. Until this can be produced, the sword is ruler. The case of the Welch in England, and of the Highlanders in Scotland, may be cited as bearing against our position; since they, at this day, exist each of them professing a peculiar language and peculiar habits & customs. But they are strong confirmation of what we have said; for the Welch did not submit until years of war had deprived them of all hopes of successful resistance, and the pride of the Highland chiefs engaged them more in quarrels among themselves, and desultory warfare on local districts of the *Sassenach*, until the Lowlands had obtained complete mastery of the country. And still farther is our argument concerning the present interest of England proved by these cases, that the assimilation of feeling among these septs to the Anglo-Saxon, has proved too powerful for difference of tongue & origin.

England hopes against hope, if she expects Canada to be like Wales, or that the French Canadians, the conquest of her bow and her spear, will now embrace feelings of love and respect, which she never taught them, and which she allowed demagogues to forestall with those of hatred and a burning desire to throw off her yoke. Until she make them English, she cannot trust them, and she can make them English only by swamping them.

It is her interest to retain these provinces as long as she can, (may it be for ever) and the sooner she breaks up the system whose only product has been bitter hostility against her, the better will it be. The Moors were driven out of Spain, after having held it for seven hundred years; and the cause was, that the conqueror had been able to retain their distinct character as a people. The Russian autocrat, if he outrages the feelings of humanity, is establishing the foundation of his empire over unfortunate Poland, by forcing its inhabitants into exile and the females into detested marriages with his serfs. England has followed, in Canada, a policy the very reverse of that of the Russian, and it is fortunate that Jean Baptiste is a different animal from the Spaniard, else she would, notwithstanding, have met a fate similar to that of the Saracen. Human nature is the same in all ages of the world, and the effects of the exercise of certain principles are consequently uniform. England, therefore, had nothing to expect from what she continually calls her generosity, except ingratitude and rebellion on the part of the French Canadians. Her acts of generosity have been acts of folly. Hitherto she has consulted only the interests of her faithful Canadian subjects; it is now time for her to consult her own, by making them as fast as possible, her *loyal* English subjects. Will she do so? Judging from her unwise policy, towards the American Indians now in custody, we fear not. But mark well the conclusion. As certainly as the loyalists have been goaded on to the resolution of taking no more prisoners, so certainly will her refusal to make the colony English, bring on a war of extermination against her miserable *protégés*.

Loyal manifestations on a small scale are frequent enough. Individual French Canadians, for instance, will exhibit when they have opportunity their hatred to the English, by ill using individual Englishmen. But we have not had 'manifestations' on an extensive scale since the proceedings of St Eustache, until the 29th ult., the day of the militia muster. A 'faithful Canadian

was found drifting over the waters, three or four miles from shore, with not a living human being on board. The lake was literally covered with hats, bonnets, trunks, baggage, and blackened fragments of the wreck.

The intense anxiety of the witnesses of this fearful scene, for the fate of the passengers on the unfortunate Washington, was partially relieved by the discovery of several small boats near the shore, in which the survivors of the disaster had been rescued from destruction.

The alarm had been given at Silver Creek, as soon as the flames were perceived from the shore, and all the boats which could be found were sent to the rescue of the sufferers. There were only three skiffs, besides the yawl of the Washington, which could be thus used.

The North America took on board about 40 of those saved, many of whom, including all the ladies, remained on shore. There were six dead bodies picked up on the spot—those of four children and two women.

subject, named MONGEON, who, last fall tossed his commission of captain into the fire, insisted on mustering his company at St Athanase, as if nothing had occurred.

It shewed the unabashed impudence of a French Canadian rebel in Mongeon's appearing at all as an officer, although we are bound to admit, that, according to law, Mongeon had the right, he having never been dismissed. We are bound also to declare that we are ignorant of the authority on which his right to command his company was denied. Waiving these things, and whereas information has been received by me, that certain evil-disposed persons, connected with the Brigands, who have of late molested and disturbed the peace of the American and British frontiers, have crossed the Niagara River, and that they lurk & secret themselves in parts of the District of Niagara, with the knowledge and connivance of some of the disaffected resident inhabitants.

And whereas it is necessary for the peace and security of the District of Niagara, that the ingress and egress of idle and evil-minded persons should be restrained and prevented, and that the perpetrators of the above outrage and their abettors, should be brought to condign punishment.

I do therefore strictly order & command all Officers, Magistrates, and others whom it may concern, that no person be permitted to land upon or leave the shore, on the British side of the Niagara, coming from or going to the United States Territory, unless he shall give a full and reasonable account of himself, and shew that he is coming or going in the prosecution of his lawful affairs and business, which person shall be furnished with a passport, to secure him from further hindrance or molestation.

The poor, ignorant, kindhearted dupes, who six months ago turned out under their 'duped' captain to burn St Johns and murder its English inhabitants, at last exhibited such 'manifestations,' that it was found necessary to despatch some regulars and armed volunteers to assist in *unduping* them as usual. We are informed that the Troops had proceeded half way across the bridge, before the 'dupes' saw through their mistake.

In connexion with this affair, we may mention that the arms taken from these *patriote* dupes last winter are now in course of being restored. Let a few years elapse without uniting the Provinces, and the banks of the Richelieu, may be again the scene of 'manifestations,' which will again make the river 'run red with the blood of the slain.'

We beg to warn our readers that it is not safe for them to take any kind of property across the line, without paying the duty. A highly respectable farmer here, having taken a load of Wool across for the purpose of being carded, had his Wool, horses and waggon seized by a custom house officer. The officer comforted him with the assurance that every bushel of Wheat taken across the line to mill, was also liable to be grabbed. We advise loyalists to trust nothing to the American 'authorities,' nor sympathisers. The American sovereigns may murder, rob and steal without molestation from the 'authorities,' but a British subject is sure of justice, and a *little* more, if he goes across on business with his own carriage.

We wonder whether the Governor General knows, that all the Eastern Townships and a great portion of the seigniories, are supplied with Tea and Tobacco smuggled from the frontier States, and that there are but two custom house offices between St. Regis and New Brunswick on our side, while the Americans have one on every public road from Canada.]

Louis L'Hussier, one of the murderers of Lieutenant Weir, escaped from Montreal Jail on the 21st ultimo. The length of time elapsed between the period of the escape and its discovery, about 48 hours, is nothing to the credit of the authorities. A reward of £100 has been offered for his apprehension.

#### UPPER CANADA.

From the Montreal Gazette

We stated in our last, that the attack upon Osterhou's tavern, in the Township of Pelham, in the Niagara district, by a gang of marauders from the American side, required confirmation. Of that confirmation we are now in possession, as will be seen from the following Proclamation issued by Sir George Arthur, alluding to the fact, and prescribing the mode in which the intercourse between the British and American inhabitants of the Niagara frontier, is in future to be conducted.

The facts of this new aggression appear to be these: On the night of the 21st instant, a party of brigands, to the number of nearly two hundred, crossed the Niagara, and attacked and plundered the tavern we have alluded to. They carried off a large sum of money and other property, & fired upon and overpowered a small body of ten men of the embodied Militia, called Don Lancers, who had been stationed at the tavern. Several of the Lancers were wounded, as well as one of the pirates. This wounded man the pirates carried off with them, and made the Lancers prisoners. But sixteen of the robbers have since been taken; & from the intelligence which reached town this morning, it was probable that the whole gang would have been apprehended. They are composed, it is said, of American citizens and refugee rebels, some of whom had only been recently released from prison.

#### A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS on the morning of the 21st of this present month of June, a large body of armed men assembled in the Township of Pelham, in the Niagara district, and attacked and plan-

dered a house in that neighborhood, of a large sum of money, and other property, and fired upon and overpowered a small detachment of the embodied Militia there stationed.

And whereas information has been received by me, that certain evil-disposed persons, connected with the Brigands, who have of late molested and disturbed the peace of the American and British frontiers, have crossed the Niagara River, and that they lurk & secret themselves in parts of the District of Niagara, with the knowledge and connivance of some of the disaffected resident inhabitants.

And whereas it is necessary for the peace and security of the District of Niagara, that the ingress and egress of idle and evil-minded persons should be restrained and prevented, and that the perpetrators of the above outrage and their abettors, should be brought to condign punishment.

I do therefore strictly order & command all Officers, Magistrates, and others whom it may concern, that no person be permitted to land upon or leave the shore, on the British side of the Niagara, coming from or going to the United States Territory, unless he shall give a full and reasonable account of himself, and shew that he is coming or going in the prosecution of his lawful affairs and business, which person shall be furnished with a passport, to secure him from further hindrance or molestation.

And I do hereby earnestly call upon all Magistrates, Officers, and other loyal subjects of the Queen, for their best united exertions in restoring the peace and tranquillity of the Province, in the prevention of crime and disorder, and in the apprehension of the guilty: and assure them of every support and assistance which may be required for these purposes, to the utmost extent of the civil and military power which her Majesty has been pleased to place in my hands.

Given, &c., at Toronto, this twenty second of June, 1838.

GEO. ARTHUR.  
By Command of His Excellency,  
C. A. HAGEMAN,  
Attorney General.  
D. CAMERON,  
Secretary.

We learn from the Kingston Herald, that on the evening of Sunday last, (24th,) the *Commodore Barrie*, steamboat, on her downward trip, made fast to the wharf at Oswego; and that, upon her doing so, a large body of men, headed by a lawyer, rushed on board, and asked if captain Moisier was there, as they had a warrant to apprehend him, for being concerned in the capture of the Caroline. Captain Patterson answered in the negative; but this did not satisfy these ministers of justice, and they proceeded to search the boat. While doing so, they turned one gentleman out of his berth, and insisted that Depy. Asst. Commissary General Tazew, who was a passenger on board, must be captain Drew, and should therefore be detained as prisoner. These proceedings induced captain Patterson to cast off from the wharf without delay, and allow his unceremonious visitors to get ashore the best way they could, some of them being obliged to jump into the water for that purpose.

Accounts over land from Calcutta and Madras to the end of March, represent a dreadful famine. The air loaded with the effluvia of bodies dead in the streets and the rivers choked with corpses.

Disturbances have occurred at Rochelle and the black flag been raised. Troops were moving to the north of France.

The Margaret of Newbury, transport for Canada, was lost off Cape Clear, 30th May, and out of 40 persons only two were saved.

The differences between Prussia & the Pope are nearly settled.

Cape papers of the 24th of March contain an account of the massacre by the natives of about two hundred and seventy-five Dutch settlers, forming part of a company who crossed their frontier into the territory of the Caffre chief, Dingaan, with whom they were in treaty for a location, but who treacherously betrayed them.

The Russian government continues to take up transports in the black sea for its expedition to Circassia. They are engaged for five months certain, with faculty to extend the term to eight months, if required. From this it appears that his Imperial Majesty calculates upon crushing Circassian independence within the former short space of time.

SPAIN.—Cabrera was compelled to raise the siege of Alcanez on the 8th, and retreated to Morella.

Letters from Bayonne of the 23d state that Mungorri was still in the town. Iriarte is said to have quarrelled with Espartero, and to have gone to Santander. Don Carlos is in motion with all the battalions he can muster. He seems uncertain of his direction, but no doubt aims at getting into Aragon.

We are requested to inform persons of the Presbyterian persuasion in the Township of Farnham and neighborhood, that a meeting of heads of families will be held at Mr. Cowan's mills, on Saturday the 14th July next, to adopt means for obtaining religious instruction for the members of the Presbyterian Church in that part of the country. An effort will be made to procure the services of a missionary, if funds sufficient for the support of a resident minister cannot be raised.

Such of our cotemporary friends, in the United States, as exchange with the Standard, will confer an obligation upon us by mailing their papers for WEST BERKSHIRE, Vermont," as the name of that office has been changed from that of 'Union Office.' By so doing they will enable us to receive them much earlier than we should through any other channel.

Subscribers residing in St. Johns, and Montreal, who are in arrears for the Standard up to the close of the third volume, are requested to pay the amount of their subscription to Mr. WILLIAM HICKOK.

#### Died,

At Franklin Vt. on the evening of the 27th ult. Orlof H. son of J. K. Whitney, aged 13 months and 22 days.

#### CHURCHVILLE STORE!!!

THE subscriber is now opening and offers for sale a very general and carefully selected assortment of Goods suitable for the season; among which are comprised:—

Dry Goods, Teas,  
Tobacco, Rum, Brandy,  
Wine, H. Gin, Salmon,  
Dry Cod Fish, Salt,  
Glass, &

 Hard-  
ware,

Grass Scythes,  
Cradling do.,  
Scythe Stones,

Grind Stones, Confec-  
tionaries, Almonds,  
Nutmegs, Loaf Sugar,  
Raisins, Epsom Salts,  
Sulphur, Castor Oil,  
Camphor, Opium,  
Paints, Oils, Turpentine,  
&c. &c. &c.

All which will be disposed of upon such terms for ready pay, as will render it advantageous for the old friends & customers of the Churchville Store, to make purchases, and they are respectfully solicited to call and examine quality of goods and prices, "for the days of Auld Lang Syne."

JOHN E. CHURCH.  
Churchville July 3, 1838.

#### NEW GOODS, FOR SALE.

MUNSON & Co. have received and offer for Sale a full and well selected supply of

Dry Goods;  
Groceries,  
Hardware,  
Crockery,  
 DRUGS,  
—AND—  
medicines  
And  
in addition to their usual supply:—

Confectionaries, Perfumery,  
Carrageen, or Irish Moss,  
Candied, Citron, for Cakes,  
A few

Evan's Lancets,  
Parasols, &c. &c.

They will exchange with pleasure for CASH,  
Butter, Lumber, &c. &c.  
Philippsburg, July 3 1838.

#### Take Notice

All persons indebted to the late firm of H. & C. A. Seymour, at Freleighsburg, must pay their demands previous to the first day of August next, or measures will be taken to enforce collection.

J. B. Seymour (at the old stand) has our book & notes, & is authorized to grant acquittances.

H. SEYMOUR.  
C. A. SEYMOUR.  
Freleighsburg, 27th June, 1838.

#### A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.



THE Subscriber has taken the House owned and formerly occupied by the late George Cook, Esq., at Cooksville, (St. Armand,) and fitted it up for the accommodation of Travellers. It is situated three miles West of Freleighsburg, on the direct road from Franklin (Vt.) and adjacent Towns to Montreal; and he flatters himself that by attention and accommodations he shall receive a share of public patronage.

Wm. HICKOK.  
Cooksville, July 3, 1838.

#### Look At This

All persons indebted to me, by note or book account, must make immediate payment, if they wish to save cost.

ANSON KEMP.  
St. Armand, 26th June, 1838.

#### For Sale.

IN the Township of Farnham, three lots of LAND, in the south west part of said Township, near Murphyaw Creek. Said Lots are well covered with Pine Timber. Any one wishing to purchase said lots can ascertain the particulars by enquiring of

OREN J. KEMP.

Frelighsburg, June 20th, 1838.

 HATS!!

A Good assortment on hand and for Sale, by J. B. SEYMOUR.  
Frelighsburg, 20th June, 1838.

#### NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving a very general assortment of BRITISH & AMERICAN GOODS, among which are comprised 50 Chests & half do. Hyson Skin



#### TEA,

25 do. do Young Hyson,  
10 do. do Souchong,  
10 Bags superior Coffee,  
10 do. Pepper and Spice,  
2 Tierces Salaratus,  
20 Kegs Tobacco,  
10 Boxes Cavendish do.  
5 Bbls Paper do,

#### —ALSO—

Benthouson's superior chewing Tobacco  
6 Bales Brown Shirting,  
Batts, Wicking, etc. etc.

All of which he offers for sale Wholesale or Retail, at unusually low prices.

W. W. SMITH

June 23, 1838.

#### Notice.

WHEREAS my wife Elizabeth has left her home without any provocation, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will not pay any debts of her contracting after this date.

ZECHARIAH SHUFELT.

June 11th, 1838.

#### Notice.

ALL persons are hereby forbid to harbor or trust A. WILLIAM TRUAX, on our account, as he has left our employment, & we shall, therefore pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

JOHN GOLLAND,  
JOS. J. GOLLAND,

Dunham, June 1838.

#### Notice.

ALL persons are hereby forbid to harbor or trust A. WILLIAM TRUAX, on our account, as he has left our employment, & we shall, therefore pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

JOHN GOLLAND,  
JOS. J. GOLLAND,

Dunham, June 1838.

#### Notice.

ALL persons are hereby forbid to harbor or trust A. WILLIAM TRUAX, on our account, as he has left our employment, & we shall, therefore pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

JOHN GOLLAND,  
JOS. J. GOLLAND,

Dunham, June 1838.

#### Notice.

THE Subscriber is desirous of purchasing 100 GOOD STORE HOGS,

for which he will pay Cash and a liberal price, if delivered to him at Bedford during this month.

P. H. MOORE.

Bedford, June 11th, 1838.

#### Notice.

SINCE the middle of April, twenty eight fine SHEEP; branded E. J. S., and tails cut close. Whoever will give information to the subscriber concerning the same, will be liberally rewarded.

DANIEL WESTOVER.

Dunham, 2d June, 1838.

#### New Goods.

THE Subscribers are now receiving at their Store opposite C. Bowen's Hotel, in Berkshire, Vt., a splendid assortment of New Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,  
Wet and Dry Groceries,  
Crockery,  
Glass and Hardware,  
Cast Steel, Nails,  
Nail Rods,  
Drugs and Medicines,  
&c. &c.

Which, with their former stock, makes a very desirable assortment which they will exchange for

Butter, Ashes, Footings,  
and almost every thing else; even POTATOES

in any quantity, if delivered at L. LEAVENS' & Co. Factory next fall or winter. And if any wish to pay CASH we would say to them call and they shall not go away empty.

RUBLEE & BOWEN.

Berkshire, June 1st, 1838.

From the Democratic Review.

PALESTINE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim like  
throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy  
sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat  
down,  
And they spray on the dust of his sandals was  
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;  
And I pause on the great crags of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valleys! where, swollen  
and strong,  
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanites strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the  
slain.

There down from his mountain stern Zebulon  
came,  
And Napthali's stag with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the cavern which  
rang  
To the song which the beautiful Prophet sang,  
When the Prince of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys be-  
tween;

There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hasten to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the twelve in their way fared  
trod:

I stand where they stood with the chosen of God;  
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons  
were taught,

Where the blind were restored, and the healing  
was wrought.

Oh, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,  
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same...  
The founts where he drank by the way-side  
still flow,

And the same airs are blowing which breathed  
on his brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her  
feet;

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath  
gone,

And the holy Schechinah is dark where it shone!

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode,  
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God!  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and  
dim,

It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him,

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when  
In love and in meekness he moved among men;

And the voice which breatheth peace to the

waves of the sea,

In the hush of my spirit, would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He  
stood,

Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gallilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross where he bowed His  
to bear,

Nor my knees press Gothsemene's garden of  
prayer.

Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near

To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;

And the voice of thy love is the same even now,

As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's bough.

Oh, the outward hath gone!...but in glory and  
power,

The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;

Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame

On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

Lights and Shadows of a Sailor's life.

Some years ago, I was an occasional resi-  
dent among the mahogany cutters of Hon-  
duras, being then in charge of a small coast-  
ing schooner, that was employed to carry  
down ventures of goods imported from  
Britain, to the frontier settlements on the  
Spanish Main, as the sea of Honduras is  
usually termed, in those latitudes. Bel-  
lisse, to the eye of the traveller, calls up  
the common remembrance of some of those  
antique Chinese pictures that are to be met  
with in most of the tea depots in London; to  
ME its white pagoda looking houses ris-  
ing over groves of tamarind and orange  
trees, and surmounted, in many places, by  
the lofty and graceful foliage of the cocoa,  
its green verandas, and balconies of trellis  
work, its romantic island fortalice with its  
negro sentinels, marching the narrow lim-  
its of their parade, and the extensive vari-  
ety of small craft, resting at anchor, or  
shooting about like sea birds, brought afresh  
all the traditions of those sunny regions  
which I had gathered in my youth, from the  
nursery tales and pictures that were put in-  
to my hands.

And the bridge;...all who have seen  
Belisse, must remember that place of ren-  
dezvous; it is the only lounge of the set-  
lement and it is there that all classes of its  
inhabitants resort after the eight o'clock gun  
has given respite to the labours of the day.  
The young English clerks & store-keepers,  
(superior kind of slaves,) may be seen there  
leaning languishing upon its white palisade,  
at a respectful distance from their employ-  
ers, with sunken cheeks and melancholy  
eyes, and gazing towards the offing, where  
the vessels are lying at anchor that are  
bound for their own native country. Oh,  
what fruitless wishes might not these long  
looks call up in their homesick bosoms!  
When I first observed those pale, thought-  
less groups, and could enter a little into  
their feelings, I remembered the 'Bridge  
of Sighs' in Venice, and felt that there the  
same appellation might have been confer-  
red with equal truth. There, also, the  
seafaring people are frequently collected

in the evening; American and coasting  
skippers, with their blue nankeen jackets  
and slouched hats, every feature in their  
dark intelligent faces compressed for a dis-  
cussion of their large strong flavored segars;  
and British ship-masters, with their tales  
of old England that such a charm to their  
society, and their loud and careless merriment,  
that is so seldom echoed by their  
homesick listeners.

The last time that I stood on that  
Bridge of Sighs, is associated with the  
most painful remembrances. It was I re-  
call, upon a very close sultry night,  
during one of the latter months of the wet  
season not a breath of air was stirring, and  
the mosquitos and sand flies had driven  
all the stragglers to the bridge. I had  
never seen it more crowded. All the  
grades I have remarked were there—store-  
keepers, Americans, and ship captains, with  
a numerous addition of creoles and black  
people, who had come down the river from  
'Free Town,' and were watching the mar-  
ket craft that was fastened to the landing  
place. It was usual at this time for the  
market house to be cleaned out, after sun-  
down, and the offals of the meat thrown  
into the river. That circumstance fre-  
quently attracted the Alligator, in its quest  
of prey, to the neighborhood, and several  
had been seen during my residence there,  
crawling among the huge wooden suppor-  
ters of that side of the market house which  
projected over the bank. During this even-  
ing, the strong musty effluvia, common  
to those creatures, was so particular, as al-  
most to be sickening in its effects—and  
an unusual number of segars were shoot-  
ing their small red lights through the dusk,  
like the fire-flies, the broad dark water  
beneath the bridge, reflecting them back  
with their white wreaths of smoke from  
its glassy surface. A few acquaintances  
and myself, all fresh from the house of a  
certain French publican, named Joseph,  
were sitting at the edge of a doore or ca-  
noe, hauled upon the landing, and singing  
an old Scotch diry, when we observed a  
young Spaniard, whom we had remarked  
in the tavern, and knew to be the sailing  
master of a small coasting shalllop, coming,  
evidently much intoxicated, towards the  
bridge. He had been dissatisfied during  
the day, with the behaviour of his consign-  
er, and his sense of insult being aggravated  
by the fumes of rum, he now sought to  
relate the abuse which he had received.  
One or two countrymen, who followed him, vail-  
antly endeavoured to dissuade him from his  
resolution; and the sentinels on the bridge  
with the same considerate feeling, drew  
up to oppose his passage. He was not,  
however, to be restrained; and being pre-  
vented from crossing the bridge, by the  
interference of the soldiers, he turned away  
with a short indignant laugh, and pro-  
ceeded with a quick, but unsteady step down  
the bank. At a little distance, having shaken  
off his companions, he abruptly turned  
round a corner of the market house, and  
plunged into the river. A cry of horror  
rose from the spectators...and though our  
fears for his safety were for a moment re-  
moved by his appearance above water, and his  
apparent strength in swimming, yet the  
evidence we had already received, of the  
neighborhood of the Alligator, tended to  
confirm the certainty of his destruction, and  
many a warning voice shouted to him to  
return. It was in vain—the devoted wretch  
answered in the same scornful laugh, and  
tossed his hair contemptuously over his  
head as if contemning the caution. The  
strong agitated tripping that marked the  
pursuit of the Alligator, was immediately  
perceptible upon the surface of the water,  
but the monster at first mistook his aim—for  
the Spaniard now miserably alive to the  
sense of his danger, sprung completely out  
of the water, with a shrill piercing cry that  
still rings in my ears, and struggled vio-  
lently but vainly to regain the bank....The  
Alligator passed on, then turned with the  
slow and deliberate motion for which it is  
remarkable, and raising almost to the sur-  
face showed its enormous jaws lifted to  
close upon its victim....all hopes were now  
at an end. The poor Spaniard disappeared  
in a moment, and his last cries of horror  
and despair gurgled through the water that  
glided over him.

The Power of Revenge.

One of the most striking instances of the  
influence of passion is recorded of a young  
Spanish officer, who being sent upon a mi-  
litary service to South America, was sta-  
tioned at Potosi, the government of which  
place made a decree that no Indian should  
be employed in carrying the baggage of  
Europeans. This officer whose name was  
Aquirra, broke the order and employed an  
Indian to carry his baggage. Of this he  
was instantly accused, and condemned to  
suffer the punishment enacted for the of-  
fence, which was to be publicly whipped  
on an ass. Great intercession was made  
for him, but without effect. After many  
solicitations, however, a respite for a fort-  
night was obtained from the Governor, but  
just as this reached the prison, the criminal  
was strip, and mounted, and exhibited for  
punishment. On hearing of the respite  
he said, 'nay, the shame is suffered; worse  
cannot be done; therefore, executioner,  
discharge your duty, and return the tyrant  
his reprieve.' The sentence accordingly  
took its course, and the young man endur-  
ed it with the greatest calmness; but he  
never after could be brought to associate  
with gentlemen....He was constantly wan-  
dering by himself in a state of gloomy mel-  
ancholy, and shunning the society and con-  
verse of his fellow creatures.

Soon after the Governor was removed,  
and another person was sent in his stead,

but Aquirra was still seen to hover about  
the palace. The Governor's friends appre-  
hensive of a design upon his life, advised  
him to withdraw to some other place. He  
did so and went to Los Reyes, three hun-  
dred and twenty leagues from thence; but  
in a week's time Aquirra was there, having  
followed him on foot. The Governor then  
removed as secretly as he could to Quito,  
which is four hundred leagues from Los  
Reyes; there also came Aquirra in a short  
space of time, though he travelled as before  
without shoes or stockings. Finding him-  
self so closely pursued, the Governor took  
another flight as far as Cusco, which is five  
hundred leagues from Quito, but there he  
was also followed by Aquirra. Being wear-  
ied out by so many journeys, the Governor  
said, 'I will fly the viilian no longer,  
but keep a guard about me, and defy him;  
which he did; but the gates being one day  
open, and all the servants engaged in  
play, Aquirra entered, found his enemy  
alone, stabbed him to the heart and then  
dispatched himself with the same dag-

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the  
end of six months. If paid in advance Is. 3d.  
will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the  
year Is. 3d. will be added for every six months  
delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in  
payment, if made by or before the expiration of  
the first nine months.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged  
in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion  
of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first

insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion.

Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two  
shillings and nine pence; every subsequent in-  
sertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first in-  
sertion, and one penny for each subsequent inser-  
tion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by  
the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be  
inserted till forbid in writing and charged accord-  
ingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

S. & S. Reid, Stanstead.

C. H. Huntington, St. Albans, Vt.

Hollis Robinson, Stukely

Samuel Maynard, Esq., Dunham

P. H. Moore, P. M., Bedford

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill

Elijah Crossett, St. Armand

W. W. Smith, P. M. Philipsburg

Galloway Freleigh, Bedford

P. Cowan, Nelsonville, Dunham

Albert Barney, P. M. Churchville

Abner Potter, Brome

Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome

P. H. Knowlton, Brome

Samuel Wood, Farnham

Whipple Wells, Farnham

Wm. Hickok Cooksville

Henry Boright, Sutton

Levi A. Coit, Potton

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the

Missiskoui Standard, will please to leave their

names with any of the above Agents, to whom

also, or at the office in Freleighsburg, all payments

must be made.



To Emigrants and others in search of  
Lands for Settlement.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND  
COMPANY, incorporated by Royal  
Charter and Act of Parliament, offer for

Sale a number of FARMS under good

CULTIVATION and ready for immediate occupation—

TOWN LOTS, MILLS and MILL SITES,

and WILD LANDS, in portions of any extent

from 50 Acres upwards.—These Properties are

situate in the District of St. Francis in the East-

ern Townships of Lower Canada, one of the most

flourishing portions of British America. They

are held under the Seccage Tenure, direct from

the Crown free of all feudal burdens whatsoever.

The Eastern Townships are centrally situated,

at a distance of from 50 to 80 miles only, from

Montreal and Quebec. They are well watered and

possess excellent Roads. The soil is

equal in fertility to that of any part of the Con-

tinent. The appearance of the Country is highly

picturesque and the Climate is eminently salubri-

ous. Every description of Grain & Root Crops

cultivated in Great Britain is found to succeed in

this District, amply repaying the labours of its

cultivation; and Cattle, Horses and Sheep are

raised with great advantage as articles of export

to the neighboring great markets.

The Settlement of VICTORIA, founded by the

Company in 1836, now contains a large and thriv-

ing population, principally British Agriculturalists;